

ENGELSE DIGTE af Børge Fruelund Jensen

A POEM ON GOD

I sit in silence, deep in thought
Upon the quietness inside God
To whom no pronoun can refer
For he and she and it are words
That cannot to that Being relate
From whom the world does emanate;
Who effortlessly, in a vacuum
Built up a world, controlled the atom;
The Greek philosophers nearly had it
When they declared it built on Spirit,
For if instead of that we say
That it was built on energy
The very chair on which I sit
Is all the time held up by Spirit,
For in the thought of Plotinus
Energy clearly equals NOUS,
So that in fact our modern physics
Speak with the tongue of ancient mystics

TO MY BELOVED ANTONIA

She walks around as usual
On fast and busy kitchen legs
We touch the largely un-congenial
And mainly funny theme of sex.

And while she gently laughs and cooks
And strikes her hair, for she is vain,
I do my best to tell her jokes
From obscure regions of my brain.

We both have scientific minds
And this is not strange territory,
For I have asked what skin one finds
In the vaginal interiors.

We smile and laugh, the jokes grow worse,
Two cultures share what all we know,
We laugh so loud my limping verse
For such amusement is too slow.

For what is much the funniest thing
Is laughing loud and joking thus
We never for a moment think
Such crazy things could interest us.

UNA DONNA MAFIOSA

Nedenstående digt kan kun helt forstås hvis man ved at på SICULI, det gamle sprog på Sicilien fra endnu før føniskere, grækere, romere osv. indtog og koloniserede øen, betyder ordet MAFIOSO "uknækket" som når man siger om en hest der endnu ikke er "knækket" som ridedyr og trækdyr. Digtet er til en kvinde i en bar ved navn Birgit.

To Birgit.

She stands there in the smoky bar
Her limbs are smooth, her laugh contagious,
The masses of her curly hair
Fall like rivers on her shoulders.

Alas I feel my growing age,
She is in fact a good deal younger
And sees me as the barroom sage
Who at my table daily ponder
Deep themes in life, but she is wrong
It is herself, a living wonder
I watch as I compose this song.

Ancient sicilians had a word
That in her case beats GRAZIOSA
It may surprise you when it's spoken
For it is actually MAFIOSA.

And it is a poetic duty
To praise her young, unbridled beauty
Although when it is humbly done
I still sit at the bar alone.